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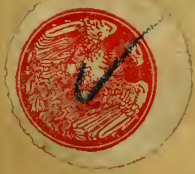
WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



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By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE

WHEN my dreams
come true—when
my dreams come
true—

Shall I lean from out my case-
ment, in the starlight
and the dew,

To listen—smile and listen to
the tinkle of the strings

Of the sweet guitar my lover's
fingers fondle, as he sings?

And as the nude moon slowly,
slowly shoulders into view,

Shall I vanish from his vision—
when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—
shall the simple gown I wear

Be changed to softest satin,
and my maiden-braided hair

Be raveled into flossy mists
of rarest, fairest gold,

To be minted into kisses, more
than any heart can hold?—

Or "the summer of my
tresses" shall my lover liken to

"The fervor of his passion"—
when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—
I shall bide among the sheaves

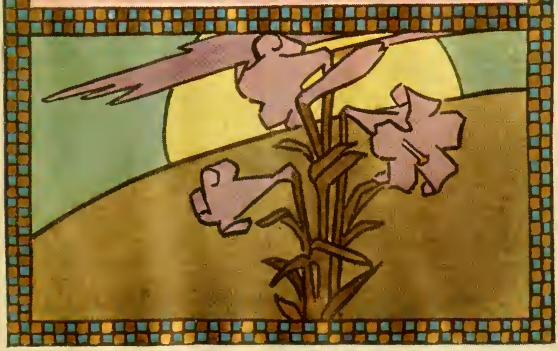
Of happy harvest meadows;
and the grasses and the leaves

Shall lift and lean between
me and splendor of the sun,

Till the noon swoons into
twilight, and the gleaners'
work is done—

Save that yet an arm shall bind
me, even as the reapers do

The meanest sheaf of harvest—
when my dreams come true.



When my dreams come true!
when my dreams come true!

True love in all simplicity is
fresh and pure as dew;—

The blossom in the blackest
mold is kindlier to the eye

Than any lily born of pride
that looms against the sky:

And so it is I know my heart
will gladly welcome you,

My lowliest of lovers,
when my dreams come true.

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